

Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antonio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to cate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not cate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he looks.

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low simplicitie

He lends out money gratis, and brings downe

The rate of vsance here with vs in *Venice*.

If I can catch him once vpon the hip,

I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he railles

Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate

On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,

Which he calls interest: Curst be my Trybe

If I forgieue him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,

And by the neere gesse of my memorie

I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse

Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?

Tubal a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe

Will furnish me; but soft, how many months

Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,

Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking, nor by giuing of exesse,

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

Ile breake a custome: is he yet posselt

How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,

Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow

Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* sheepe,

This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was

(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)

The third possessor; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say

Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did,

When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd

That all the canelings which were streakt and pied

Should fall as *Jacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,

In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,

And when the worke of generation was

Betweene these woollly breeders in the act,

The skilfull shephard pil'd me certaine wands,

And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,

He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,

Who then conceauing, did in eaning time

Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacobs*.

This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture fir that *Jacob* seru'd for,

A thing not in his power to bring to passe,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.

Was this inserted to make interest good?

Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,

But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,

The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,

An euill soule producing holy witnesse,

Is like a villaine with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apperotten at the heart.

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath,

Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Antonio*, many a time and oft

In the Ryalta you haue rated me

About my monies and my vñances:

Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,

(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)

You call me misbeleuer, cur-throate dog,

And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,

And all for vse of that which is mine owne.

Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:

Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,

Shylocke, we would haue monyes, you say so:

You that did void your rume vpon my beard,

And foote me as you spurne a stranger cur

Ouer your threshold, monyes is your suite.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,

Hath a dog money? Is it possible

A cur should lend three thousand ducats? or

Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key

With bated breath, and whisp'ring humblenesse,

Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies

Ile lend you thus much monyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,

To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends, for when did friendship take

A breede of barraine metall of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemy,

Who if he breake, thou maist with better face

Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,

I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,

Forget the shames that you haue staine me with,

Supplie your present wants, and take no doite

Of vsance for my monyes, and youle not heare me,

This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shewe,

Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there

Your single bond, and in a merrie sport

If you repaie me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite

Be nominated for an equall pound

Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile seale to such a bond,

And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.

Bass. You

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me, I will rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forsaie it, it will

Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I doe expect returne

Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,

Whose owne hard dealing teaches them suspect

The thoughts of others: Praise you tell me this, should I

If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine

By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man?

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of Muttons, Beeces, or Goates, I say

To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,

If he will take it, so; if not adieu,

And for my loue I praeie you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,

Giue him direction for this merrie bond,

And I will goe and purke the ducats straight.

See to my house left in the fearefull gard

Of an vnthrifitie: and presentlie

Ile be with you. *Exit.*

Ant. Hee thee gentle *Iew*. This Hebrew will turne

Christian, he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,

My Shippes come home a month before the daie. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or

four followers accordingly, with Portia,

Nerissa, and their traine.

Fls. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadowed luerie of the burnish'd sunne,

To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.

Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne,

Where *Phaebus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,

And let vs make incision for your loue,

To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine

Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)

The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme

Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hug,

Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In teares of choise I am not folie led

By nice direction of a maidens eyes:

Besides, the loterie of my destenie

Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:

But if my Father had not scanted me,

And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe

His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,

Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire

As any commer I haue look'd on yet.

For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,

Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets

To trie my fortune: By this Symitar.

That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince

That won three fields of Sultan Solymann,

I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke:

Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:

Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,

Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray

To win the Ladie. But alas, the while

If *Heracles* and *Lycas* plaie at dice

Which is the better man, the greater throw

May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:

So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,

And to may I, blinde fortune leading me

Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,

And die with grieuing.

Por. You must take your chance,

And either not attempt to choose at all,

Or sweare before you choote, if you choose wrong

Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward

In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*

To make me blest or curst (I among men). *Exit.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Cl. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run

from this Iew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow,

and tempts me, laying to me, *Iobbe*, *Launcelet Iobbe*, good

Launcelet, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vse

your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies

no; take heed honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *Iobbe*,

or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne,

scorne running with thy heeles: well, the most coragious

fiend bids me packe, *fi* saies the fiend, away saies

the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies

the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about

the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my ho-

nest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or ra-

ther an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did

something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of

taste; well, my conscience saies *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge

saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience

say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well,

to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the Iew

my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of di-

uall; and to run away from the Iew I should be rul'd by

the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the diuell him-

selfe: certainly the Iew is the verie diuell incarnation,

and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard

conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Iew;

the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne

fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will

runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praeie you, which is the

waie to Maister *Iewes*?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who

being more then sand-blind, high gravel-blind, knows

me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praeie you which is

the waie to Maister *Iewes*?

Lan. Turne vpon your right hand at the next tur-